HOME READING.

Happiness.

It is [illegible] wealth that brings
[illegible] to any man,
[illegible] on transient wings,
[illegible] for a little span.
A[illegible] power to charm.
When strength and life begin to wane;
[illegible] applause can never calm
The weary heart in hours of pain.

Fame [illegible] elude our grasp,
And Hope grows dim with doubts and fears,
While fevered pulses long to clasp
The vanished forms of brighter years,
Youth like a phantom steals away,
And pleasures follow in its train,
Which never more by night or day,
Can we entice them back again.

A well-spent life that none can blame,
A conscience from offences free,
Unstirred by wrong and sin and shame,
Is only true felicity.
A noble heart devoid of self,
That tries to elevate mankind,
And seeks for no reward in pelf,
A perfect happiness may find.

A loving life whose end and aim
Is to do good what'er betide,
To lessen evil, want, and shame,
And scatter kindness far and wide.
Good deeds and actions pave the way
To make life's cares and sorrows less,
To bring contentment day by day,
And everlasting happiness.

The Lost Dress.

A quiet, elderly lady, in a stone-colored merino dress and a black lace cap, had been anxiously peeping out of the window of a pretty house in Milktown, at intervals throughout the dull, cold winter afternoon of a day not long gone by.

When about 5 o'clock, a young girl, showily clad in terra cotta red, with an impossible bird in a cap of impossible fur, was seen making stately progress down the long street, holding in her arms an immense and puffy brown paper parcel.

Occassionally this young person made an effort to look behind her without turning her head, and when at last she arrived at the doorsteps of the house we have mentioned, she turned coquettishly to see who had been walking behind her for some distance.

Seeing that it was only a hobbledehoy apprentice from the tinman's, with a length of stove-pipe under his arm, a black smirch on his nose, and no appreciation of a terra-cotta waistcoat, twenty inches in circumference in his countenance, she turned away in disgust and rang the bell violently, leaning her back against the door, and regarding the apprentice with a scorn which amazed him, and from the fact that he was not the fine-looking young man, with mustache, whom she had imagined to be following her.

In an instant more she tumbled into the arms of the elderly lady, who had opened the door with unexpected promptitude, amid the derisive laughter of the youthful tinman.

"Bless me! I hope you haven't hurt yourself?" said the old lady. "And is this really Mrs. Ruffit's dress at last? We'd almost given it up."

"Madame says she couldn't help it," said the girl, rubbing her elbow, which had come into sharp contact with the door. "It's such a busy time;" and delivering the parcel to the old lady, she walked away, with dark views of life in her young bosom, and an uplifted nose that bespoke scorn of all apprentices.

Meanwhile the old lady hurried into the sitting room at the back of the house, and placing the parcel upon a table cried, with a gasp of relief;

"There it is, Rebecca; and you needn't have worried about it all day, at all."

At these words a lady, who was still only middle aged, and who was sitting wrapped in a voluminous double gown in a great armchair near the little Franklin stove, started to her feet, gave a cry of delight, seized the parcel, opened it at one end, and emptied from it a ruby colored silk dress, all flounces, furbelows and cachemire beading, which she instantly proceeded to try on.

The old lady superintended the performance, pronounced the fit perfect, picked out a lingering basting thread and spread the train abroad, while Mrs. Ruffit, who was fat and blonde, and very gushing, constantly repeated:

"You know it's the first time I've appeared in colors for years, and the Dumsdays are so stylish. You know I would wish to appear particularly well. And does it taper in nicely at the waist, Aunt Betsy? And does the train turn when I walk?"

At last even this nervous lady was satisfied, and having looked at her back in two glasses, declared that she must take a nap before she began to dress, and vanished for that purpose.

And Aunt Betsey, having poured a cup of tea from a little brown teapot that simmered constantly on the stove, dropped into the vacated chair with a sigh of relief, for Rebecca, though a good hearted woman, who had given her aunt an excellent home for years, became a trifle wearisome with her affectations, her immense anxiety concerning her middle aged charms, and her floods of tears about nothing.

Had the dress really not come home, and had Mrs. Ruffit really been obliged to send a regret to the Dumsdays that evening, Aunt Betsey would have had a weary time of it. Now she saw free to rest, to read, or knit or doze as she liked, and though she took up the needles, the warmth of the fire, the comfort of the great chair, and the calm that had fallen after a storm, all induced slumber.

In fact, Aunt Betsy had been fast asleep for more than half an hour, when she started wide awake, to see a spectral form at the window, and to hear spiritual rappings on the panes.

In an instant more the ghost had resolved itself into a poor woman, whose pale face was made ghastly by a black hood, and who' seeing the teapot and Aunt Betsy's amiable face in conjunction, had bethbought her to ask for a cup of tea.

Aunt Betsy was kindness itself. She opened the door to the woman and made her sit near the stove and comforted her not only with tea and bread and butter, but with raspberry jam, and finally went to the door again to "speed the parting guest" with amiable words and a silver coin.

"Ah, poor thing!" she said to herself as she went into the cozy sitting room again, "How hard it is for her."

"Hard for whom?" asked Mrs. Ruffit, who had returned to the sitting room well wrapped up in the big dressing gown, which somehow seemed more voluminous than ever. "What's hard for whom, Aunt Betsy?"

"Oh, Rebecca," said the good old lady, "a person has been here begging a cup of tea. Her husband's dead, her son's in Texas, and she's walking twenty miles to try and find a daughter who married a man named Smith, fifteen years ago."

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Ruffit, who was only sentimentally sympathetic with herself. "I see—the old story! And you gave her all the small change you had in your pocket, and she went away to spend it at the next gin-shop. You are such a soft-hearted goose, auntie. I only hope she didn't steal anything—good gracious! Aunt Betsy, where is my new dress?"

"You took it upstairs with you, Becky," said Aunt Betsy.

Mrs. Ruffit ran upstairs with more celerity than could have been expected of fair, fat and five-and forty, and was heard to open sundry closet doors, to rush about wildly, and to shriek. Then she reappeared in the sitting room.

"It's not up there!" she shrieked, wringing her hands. "Oh, Aunt Betsy, tell me you've put it somewhere! Don't say it's gone."

"I don't see how it can be gone," cried Aunt Betsy, flying wildly up and down, shaking the curtains, looking behind the sofa; even opening the six inch drawer of a little work-table.

"Oh, Rebecca, I'm sure you took it with you! I'll find it. Didn't you put it in the parlor?"

Away the ladies flew, with queer little squeals and moans.

Every spot in the house was ransacked, even the coal-cellar; but the dress was not found.

At last Mrs. Ruffit fell in the armchair, fortunately as strong as it was capacious, and sobbed:

"This is what has come of your absurd foolishness for drunken beggars, Aunt Betsy. That woman has stolen my dress."

"She couldn't—she hadn't a thing in her hand," said poor Aunt Betsy.

Then conscience told her she had left the woman alone for five minutes while she took out the jam.

It was all discussed over and over again, and the fact that in Miss Betsy's absence the woman had put the new dress through the window and picked it up when she went out, was fully established.

The police was notified, a description of the woman and dress put into their hands, and a note of regret written to the Dumsdays.

Mrs. Ruffit was persuaded to take some tea and toast, and sat bewailing her loss and rocking to and fro.

"A dress that cost me ninety dollars before it was made and twenty five for the making," sighed Mrs. Ruffit. "I can't afford another like it this winter, and Colonel Cowes was to be at the Dumsdays', and he admires me very much, Aunt Betsy, and it's most annoying. I'd calculated on it two weeks, and you must beg and pray a tipsy tramp to come and take tea with you on purpose to have my dress stolen."

"I didn't beg and pray her. She asked me for a little tea, and she wasn't tipsy," sobbed Aunt Betsy. "Oh, Rebecca Ruffit, how cruel you are."

"I suppose you expect me to dance for joy," said Mrs. Ruffit. "I must say that's too much to expect; but I might be not only robbed, but murdered, if you could only give all the money you liked to drunken tramps. That's your monomania, Aunt Betsy, and I must say it if you kill me."

Then began a woful quarrel, in which all the reproaches that could be uttered on either side found vent.

The ladies wept and sighed and bemoaned themselves.

They spoke of parting. They shook their heads and rocked to and fro, and the fire went out and the oil burnt low in the lamp. The clock struck ten and still the ladies found new recriminations to utter.

At last 12 o'clock came. The carriages which bore the departing guests home from the Dumsdays' great party were heard to roll past, and Mrs. Ruffit burst in a fresh flood of tears.

"I feel so dreadfully sick, Aunt Betsy," she said; "so heavy in every limb; such a weight somehow. You know excitement is bad for me. Dr. Sweetman says I'm predisposed to heart disease, and I know this is an attack of it. I've all the symptoms. My arms are swollen—look how tight the sleeves of this dressing-gown are—and my goodness, Aunt Betsy! look at the belt! it won't meet! Can't you see how I'm puffing up all over? I'm going to die!"

"Ah, my poor child," cried Aunt Betsy, "you really are! Oh, do let me take your things off, and put you to bed, and send for the doctor. Come upstairs at once."

Mrs. Ruffit assented.

Aunt Betsy helped her upstairs, opened the bed, laid out the white night-gown, and began to help her neice off with the double gown. She slipped the big loops of cord from the big buttons, and began tugging at the sleeve.

The flowered cashmere slowly receded from the left shoulder.

Aunt Betsy paused and gave a scream.

"Rebecca Ruffit!" she cried.

"Oh, what is it, Aunt Betsy?" asked Mrs. Ruffit. "Am I turning black?"

"Look!" cried Aunt Betsy. "Why Rebecca Ruffit, you've put your double-gown on over your new dress. No wonder you felt queer."

"Why, how did I come to do such a thing?" gasped Mrs. Ruffit in amazement "I must have taken my nap in it, too."

She peeled off the double gown in double-quick time.

She had nothing to say, except:

"No wonder I felt stuffy!"

There was nobody to blame and nothing to do but to make up with Aunt Betsy who accorded a gracious forgiveness and retired meekly; but up in her own room she indulged herself in a little burst of triumph:

"Tisn't me that's made a fool of myself," she said, ungrammatically, as she tied her night-cap and blew out the candle; "and that's some comfort, anyhow."

A very good test of a room is to consider "Would it look pretty in a picture?" To find this out, turn a mirror upon the different parts and see the effect. This will often help one to correct and rearrange anything that may be wrong.

The Czar of Russia has ordered his pictures out of the public square at St. Petersdurg on the ground that they are liable to indignity.

The Oldest of Historical Problems.

The current quarterly statement of the Palestine Exploration Fund is exceptionally interesting. It contains the report drawn up by Major Kitchener, embodying the results of the survey made by him of the great Valley of the Arabah, which was, in prehistoric times, the continuation of the Jordan Valley, down to the eastern arm of the Red Sea, now known as the Gulf of Akaba.

It will be recollected that some eighteen months ago a project was mooted of connecting the Jordan Valley with the Red Sea, by means of a canal cut out in the Arabah; and as the Dead Sea and the Jordan Valley are considerably below the sea level, it was conjectured that if a cutting was made for some twenty miles from the Gulf of Akaba an opening would be effected by which the waters of the Red Sea would flow down the remaining portions of the Arabah into the Dead Sea and fill the Jordan Valley up to and even beyond the Sea of Galilee. Not with the object of promoting a scheme which, if accomplished, would have sunk beneath the waves a considerable portion of the Holy Land, but with the view of demonstrating its impracticability, besides obtaining more accurate knowledge of a region which must have been traversed by the Israelites on their way to the promised land, the Palestine fund despatched, at the close of last year, an expedition, the services of Major Kitchener, R. E., having been enlisted, to make the necessary survey. As the result of his observations it appears that the watershed of the Arabah is distant 45 miles from Akaba, and that it is 660 feet above sea level. Thirty miles further up the valley the sea level is again reached, so that the proposed canal would involve a cutting of 75 miles through a limestone floor covered by gravel, the depth of the cutting ranging up to 700 feet. The construction of such a canal, though perhaps not a physical impossibility, is practically so, inasmuch as the cost of the undertaking would be so enormous that the necessary funds would never be forthcoming.

The result of the expedition, has, however, been to do something more than obtain precise information respecting the physical characteristics of the Arabah. As a consequence of personal observation of the region he traversed and a careful examination of some novel and rather startling views expressed a short time since by Baker Greene, respecting the route followed by the Israelites on their way from Egypt to the land of promise, Major Kitchener has fully endorsed his views and expressed his conviction that Mount Sinai and Mount Hor are identical. According to the accepted belief the Israelites, after crossing or rounding the head of the Gulf of Suez, turned to the south and entered the peninsula which lies between the Gulf of Suez and Akaba; that in this region the holy mountain was situated where the tradition of the law took place, and that, subsequently, they wandered for close on forty years in the adjoining desert of the Tih before making their way to the eastern frontier of Edom to Moab and the trans-Jordanic region. This view of the journeyings of the released captives was assailed by Baker Greene, who pointed out that it had no other foundation than the gratuitous and unsupported assumption that Mount Sinai was situated in the peninsula of that name, and was at direct variance with the account given in the Pentateuch of the route followed by the Israelites on quitting Egypt and with all the opinions held in Judea on the subject down to the fourth century of the Christian era. According to the Scriptural account the following were the incidents of the journey between the Egyptian frontier and Mount Sinai. The Israelites went three days into the wilderness and found no water; at their next stage they came to Marah, where the water is bitter, and the next resting place was Elim, noted for its wells and palm trees. From thence they entered the wilderness of Sin, which lay between Elim and Sinai. Here was the visitation of quails, the Israelites dying in great numbers, the place being called Kibroth hat Taavah, "the graves of lust." They then reached Rephidim, where Moses, having gone on before, caused the water to flow through the riven rock, and thence they came to Mount Sinai.

This account, it is now urged, is consistent, and not alone consistent with a journey by the old caravan road which existed in the time of the Pharaohs from Egypt across the desert to the head of the Gulf of Akaba, and thence up the Arabah to Mount Hor. The Egyptian has annually followed this route from Suez to Akaba. No water is found until after the end of the third day's journey, at Nahid. At the next stage, now called Abu Muhammad, the water is salt and bitter, and two days' more journey brings the caravan to Akabah, celebrated for its wells and palm groves. But Akabah was known to the Israelites as Elath—Deut. ii, 8; Kings, ix, 26—to the Greeks as Elana and to the Romans as Alla, and as Elim and Elath are only different plural forms of the word el, "a palm grove," Mr. Baker Greene's solution of the oldest of historical enigmas lies in the identification of the Elim of the Book of Exodus with the Elath of Deuteronomy and the historical books, the place justly celebrated for its wells and palm trees. If, however, the Israelites took this course across the desert, they would then turn their steps up the Arabah, as they confessedly did not pass round Edom on the east till a much later period. But half way up the Arabah, on the eastern side, stands Mount Hor, as it is rather unfortunately translated, but literally Har ha Har, the Mount of Mounts, which could have been no other than Mount Sinai, and which would fittingly receive such a designation. It is curiously confirmative of the accuracy of the route thus indicated that in the Arabah, about twenty miles from Akaba, on the way to Mount Hor, is a marsh which in Major Kitchener's report is named Et Taba, and on its borders are the remains of an ancient Bedouin cemetery. It was, however, in the wilderness between Elim and Sinai that the Israelites died in great numbers, the place being called Kibroth hat Taavah, so that now, after the lapse of 3,000 years, this spot literally bears the same description, "the cemetery of Et Taba."

It would be impossible here now to summarize the arguments and the evidence adduced by Baker Greene in support of his version of what he terms "The Hebrew Migration from Egypt," but Major Kitchener's confirmation of the soundness of his conclusions will, no doubt, induce biblical critics and others to examine them carefully. St. Paul unquestionably placed Mount Sinai in Arabia, and it was not until the second century that Ptolemy is supposed to have extended Arabia Petrea to the Tih and the so-called Sinaitic peninsula. All Arabian geographers made the Arabah the western limit of their country, thus excluding the peninsula. It is also noticeable that Eusebius and Jerome placed the scene of the incidents which happened in the neighborhood of Mount Sinai in Edom, and when the Crusaders entered that country at the beginning of the twelfth century the great chasm of the Sik, which enters Petra from the east, was pointed out as the rock riven by the wand of Moses. Mount Hor was declared to be Mount Sinai, and Alla, the modern Akaba, was declared to be the Elim of the Book of Exodus, noted for its wells and palm trees.—*London Post.*

Debby's New Year.

"Invited Debby Safflower to your New Year's dinner, Merildy?" inquired Farmer Mugwort, as he deposited an armful of hard maple wood under the kitchen stove, and warmed his hands by the fire.

Miss Merildy paused in her occupation of frying doughnuts, long enough to answer her father's question.

"No, I hain't!" she responded. "I am goin' to hev more agreeabler folk then *her* at my New Year's dinner!"

"You be!" Farmer Mugwort gazed at his daughter in open-mouthed surprised. "Now, *I* allus thought Debby Safflower was oncommon agreeable," he added, mildly.

"Mebbe she is, to the men folks!" sniffed Merildy; "but she's oncommon disagreeable to *me*, and I ain't a-goin' to hev her here, so that's the eend of it!"

"Wal, mebby 'tis, Merildy; but we mustn't forgit she's yer dead mother's own niece,' ventured the old man, "and Debby's folks didn't leave her none too forehanded, neither."

"S'posin' they didn't!" retorted the daughter, crabbedly. "Tain't *my* fault, is it? Anyhow," she continued, as her father tied on his worsted ear-muffs, and strode off to chop more wood for the New Year's cooking—"anyhow, I ain't a-goin' to invite no poor relations to eat dinner here. An' 'pears like all our relations was poor now mostly. There's Aunt Rhody's folks hev clean broke up sence Uncle Bijah sold out the farm and went into the pork-packin' in the city. I ain't a goin' to be pestered by 'em, though, nor by Debby Safflower, neither, if she is my cousin!"

And Miss Merildy shut her thin lips together like a vise, and dipped out her last batch of puffy, golden-brown doughnuts.

"Dear, dear!" sighed Debby Safflower, as she sat alone in the little two-roomed cabin, where she had lived ever since her mother died. "New Year's Day again, and no turkey for dinner. Not a chicken even, nor a mince-pie, nor anything nice. Even my relations have forgotten me," she continued, with a sigh. "There's Merildy Mugwort has invited the minister's folks and old Mrs. Marrowfat to dinner, and never said a word to *me*. And Aunt Rhoda's folks, that I wrote to a month ago, haven't even answered my letter. I s'pose I oughtn't to hev invited 'em, seeing I couldn't get up a respectable dinner; but they're as poor as I be. And besides, how'd I know that a fox was a going to eat up my old gobbler? and the apples I'd saved for sauce were a-rotting down suller? Well, I s'pose its all for the best, any way, for I haven't a decent dress to wear any place if I'd been invited. And I won't starve, if I can't have roast turkey and mince-pie. I'll fry some sausages and make a batch of crulls, and I'll peel what apples are left and cook 'em for sauce. Thank goodness, I've got plenty of fire-wood, that Uncle Mugwort cut me, surreptious-like. But wouldn't Merildy 'a raved if she'd only a knew it."

In spite of her thirty-odd years, Debby was a good-looking woman still. Her hair was as ripe as the inside of a ripe chestnut-burr, and her cheeks were still as plump and rosy as when Ike Wetherbee bade her good-by, ten long years ago, and went out West to seek his fortune.

Poor Ike! Debby sighed as she thought of his merry face and his crisp, brown curls. "He did care for me then!" she thought. "Though he never said so. But, of course, he's married before now. So what's the use—"

And rolling up her sleeves over a pair of plump, round arms, Debby proceeded to peel and core the few sound apples she could find for sauce.

"Jingle, Jingle!" came the sound of merry sleigh-bells; but Debby did not look out to see them.

"Some happy folks going by," she thought half enviously. But the sleigh did not go by; it stopped at Debby's door. "Who can it be?" she thought, hastening to open the door.

"Why, Aunt Rhoda!" And in walked a stout old lady, plentifully sprinkled with snow. "So you did come, after all!" cried Debby, kissing her. "But why didn't you write? And where's Uncle Bijah and the children?"

"Well," smiled Aunt Rhody, dumping herself down in a split-bottomed rocking-chair, "we didn't write 'cause we wanted to 'sprise you; and Bijah and the girls air out in the sleigh now, a-taking out the boxes and baskets."

Boxes and baskets, indeed! Uncle Bijah came staggering in under a load that would have tried the strength of a roustabout.

"Hello, Debby! Fetch me a hatchet!" he cried. "You'll want to get this turkey into the oven right away."

Turkey! Debby stared, while she obeyed, and Uncle Bijah soon brought to light a huge gobbler, yellow with fat, and a brace of plump prairie-hens, already trussed for roasting.

Then followed a batch of mince-pies, with raisins and nuts, and two huge pound-cakes, frosted and ornamented with Cupids, roses and lillies-of-the-valley.

"Nice enough for a wedding cake," thought Debby.

"Didn't know we'd struck a bonanzy, did you, Debby?" asked her uncle. "Wal, we did, an' 'twan't in the pork-packin,' either," he added.

"Look here, Debby!" cried her cousin Abigail. "This cashmere dress, with navy-blue bows, is my present to you."

"And mine," piped Alicia, "is this beaver cloak, and fur muff and boa."

Debby's cup od happiness seemed full but there was yet another surprise in store for her.

"You haven't forgotten me, have you, Miss Debby?" cried a merry voice.

And there stood Ike Wetherbee, taller, straighter and handsomer than when he started out west, ten years ago, taking Debby's heart with him.

They had a merry time of it, roasting the turkey and prairie hens, setting the table with a new set of gold rimmed china—Ike's present to Debby—steaming the plum pudding, and warming the mince pies.

And after dinner, while Aunt Rhody and the girls washed up the dishes, and Uncle Bijah gave the horses a feed and led them to water, handsome Ike Wetherbee found time to have a chat with Debby, and somehow or another a gold ring found its way to Debby's finger—the fourth finger of her left hand.

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"Did you know, Merildy," said her father as he brought in the two pails of foaming milk, the next morning—"did you know Ike Wetherbee hed come back from Californy, as rich as a banker, and twicet as good-looking?"

Miss Merildy's small gray eyes shone with delight.

"No!" she ejaculated. "Have you seen him? Did you invite him to come and see us?"

"Wall," explained Farmer Mugwort, slowly, "I seed him as I was a driving the cows up from the pasture this mornin'. Seems he come with yer Uncle Bijah's folks, yesterday, to spend New Year's Day with Debby Safflower."

"Debby Safflower!"

Miss Merildy grew fairly green with envy.

"Brought Debby lots and gobs of fine dresses and things, too, they did, fur 'pears like, when yer uncle sold his farm and went to pork-packin,' he lent Ike half his money to go out West, and now Ike he's made a big forchin fur both of 'em."

"What luck some folks do hev!" grumbled Merildy. "Why couldn't you hev lent him the money?"

"Wal, that's what I wanted to do, Merildy," returned the old man, mildly. "But you wouldn't hear to it, you know. Oh, and I forgot to say Ike asked me to come to his wedding!"

"His wedding!"

"Yes. He was after the minister to marry him an' Debby this morning, at ten o'clock."

—*Helen Whitney Clark.*

Hair and Ears as Character Indicators.

Black hair which is perfectly without any wave or curl, and which lies in lank, lifeless masses, shows a melancholic disposition; a black beard which grows sparsely gives also the same indication. Black hair which is wavy or curling, and very thick, shows force of affection and a certain ardor in love matters; and so also does a thick and crisp-textured black beard and moustache. The lank, thin and uncurling black hair is one of the signatures of Saturn; the crisp, curling and thickly-growing black hair is the combination of Venus with Saturn. The united influence of these two planets on a life gives force of character, for the warmth and impulse given by Venus is tempered by Saturn into prudence; thus people with the crisp dark hair get the ardor combined with prudence which produces success in life.

Chestnut hair of a soft and silky texture, and not very thick, gives romance of character. This is not the sort of hair which is ever seen on very commonplace, realistic persons. This tint of hair, crisp or curling, and growing thickly on the head, indiactes a warm and affectionate nature. Men with this sort of hair, and with a thickly growing beard, also crisp or wavy of texture, are jovial and hospitable, and both women and men of this coloring are fond of society, have a good deal of "go" in them, and an immense amount of confidence in themselves. It is essentially one of the signatures of Jupiter; it indicates pride and generosity of character. Avaricious people never have hair of this color and texture. With full lips and a round chin with a dimple in it, this sort of coloring would give sensuousness almost amounting to sensuality.

Golden hair of a soft, pale gold, without undulation, shows gentleness and tenderness, but no force of character. Men having this sort of hair are somewhat effeminate in their tastes, and are wanting in energy and decision. Both men and women having this pale, floss-silk sort of hair are incapable of strong affection; they are attracted by the opposite sex, but they are more given to having a series of small interests than one strong love. If this hair is found in combination with the golden-colored eyes, it is indicative of coquetry in the nature; if with pale blue-gray eyes, we have languor and caprice—a sentimental but inconstant person.

Bright golden hair, of a rich, deep color, and of a crisp and waving texture, growing thickly on the head and somewhat low on the brow, shows an ardent, poetic and artistic temperament. It is the signature of Apollo, the sun. Such people are generally fond of music, painting or poetry. Both men and women having this sort of hair are intuitive in their judgments; they do not reason about things, they feel it; they are a little quick of temper, that is, easily ruffled, but they are quickly appeased; they are gay, and interest themselves in art, even if they are not artists themselves.

Persons with red hair are ardent and vivacious, especially if with it they have hazel eyes, in which case they have a bright and quick intelligence. They have a great deal of natural facility for study and good memories. Red hair with blue eyes shows the same warmth of character, but not so much intelligence, and it with blue eyes and red hair, the eyebrows and eyelashes are white—as is often the case—it is an indication of a weak and capricious nature.

People with red-brown hair, which is very thick and redder over the ears and at the temples and on the beard than on the head, are courageous and hot tempered. This kind of hair (unless the other indications in the face are widely different) shows activity and energy in all things. It augments the indications of force and power given by other features, and in art this sort of hair gives sense of color in painters, force of language and eloquence in poets, and power in musical composition.

Hair of that colorless fair color which French writers call *blonde cendre*, or ash-colored, denotes persons of an indolent or dreamy temperament. It is the indication given by the dominant influence of the moon at birth. Persons with this sort of hair, in combination with large blue-gray eyes, with fair, long but straight eyelashes, and very slightly defined eyebrows of the same blonde color, and white, soft skins, are capricious, languid, imaginative, and somewhat melancholy. Women having this sort of coloring of skin and hair are romantic and devoted in a resigned but not active spirit; that is, they are more generous in words than deeds, for they are incapable of exertion, and still less of perseverance.

Persons with soft, long hair of a dark brown, so dark as to be almost black, yet not of that blue black which is essentially melancholic, are affectionate, gentle and loving. Their first instincts are always good and kind. They like society, and are gracious in manners, and though they are not quite as indolent as those having the soft ash-colored hair, indicative of the moon's influence, they are still lovers of repose and elegant comfort. People with this soft brown hair are very open to the impressions of beauty, and they abhor noise, discords, and quarrels of all sorts. Men with this sort of hair, like those with pale golden hair, are somewhat effeminate, and are easily moved to tears.

Large fleshy ears (especially those which have the lobes of the ears red) show coarseness of nature and sensuality.

If the ears stand forward so as to show their entire form when the face is seen from the front, it denotes rapacity and cruelty.

Ears close to the head show refinement and susceptibility.

Long-shaped but small ears indicate refinement; a very small ear, close to the head, shows delicacy of perception, refinement, but also timidity.

The ears should be so placed as not to be higher than the eyebrow or lower than the tip of the nose; it set in too sloping a direction they show timidity, if too upright, animal instincts, courage amounting to cruelty especially if they obtrude out from the head.

A thin ears show delicacy and poetry of feeling, a thick ear the reverse.

A wipe space between the wing of the nose and the ear-hole shows coarseness of nature; too little space, meanness and coldness of temperament.

Ears of deep red color shows animal instinct; perfectly colorless ears show timidity and want of warmth of temperament.

An ear to be perfect should be rather small than not; in height it should not be higher than the eyebrow and not lower than the nose; in color it should be a very delicate pink, and a little, but very little, deeper in shade at the lobes.—*Harper's Bazaar.*

Whaling Tragedies.

If the tragedies of the whaling industry could be collected they would form an interesting work. When whalers return, the report is often given of "a man lost," no particulars reaching the general public or the press. In some cases nine times out of ten the whale is the cause of all the trouble. In some cases the boat is tossed into the air, and the men fall ten or fifteen feet upon the back of the enraged animal, and are either beaten to death or carried down by the suction of the animal. In one case a whale was struck, and a coil of rope as it rushed out caught a sailor by the arm and jerked him overboard so quickly that no one knew what had happened until they suddenly missed him.

In several cases whales have been known to utterly demolish vessels; and perhaps, the most remarkable case is that of the ship "Essex," chronicled by Dr. Cheever. The "Essex" was an American full rigged ship, hailing from Nantucket, and on one of her voyages, that proved to be her last, they sighted a large school of whales in latitude 40° in the South Pacific. Several of the boats were put out, and that steered by the mate soon fastened to a whale, that rose under it, however, and so damaged it that it was obliged to put back to the ship.

The boat had hardly got alongside when a sperm whale, that they estimated was at least eighty-five feet long, rose alongside the vessel, and in a moment struck her in the bow, going about three miles an hour. The ship shook so that every man aboard was knocked to the deck, and the masts threatened to fall. The whale dived immediately, and appeared about two hundred yards ahead of the vessel, where it lashed the water for several moments as if undergoing great agony; then, however, it seemed to be seized with a desire for revenge, as it suddenly started ahead, increasing its speed and finally striking the vessel head on as before. The coming together of such heavy bodies was fatal, as the bow of the vessel was completely crushed in. She had already commenced to settle from the first blow, but the second threw her on beam ends, and in ten minutes from the time she was struck she went to the bottom. The crew had taken to the boats, and were thus left in the open ocean with a limited supply of food. Their hardships and sufferings are described as terrible. Some of them finally reached a desert island called Ducies. There was a small supply of water here, but nothing but gulls and other sea-fowl to eat. The majority of the crew soon decided to leave, three preferring to take their chances on the island. They have never been heard of since.

The others attempted to row to the island of Juan Fernandez, over 2,000 miles away. The mate's boat was picked up, however, by the "Indian," of London, ninety-three days later, all the crew having died but three. The captain's boat was picked up by the ship "Dauphin," of Nantucket, with only two men alive, and these had only been saved as were the members of the Greely party, by eating their dead companions. Out of the entire crew of twenty, five only were saved to tell the most tragic story ever associated with the whaling interest.

A True Story of the War.

I used to think that Cornelius O'Dowd's story of the enthusiastic old lady who sent an enormous pincushion to Garibaldi in prison was a delightful piece of nonsense that must have emanated straight from the writer's brain. I dare say now that she really did send it and a pair of silk-covered toilet bottles to match it.

Some time ago I chanced in conversation to allude to one of the charities practiced during the civil war by a few ladies in Philadelphia, who were in the habit of sending food and clothing to the southern prisoners at Fort Delaware. Those were days when the most simple necessaries of life had arisen to an enormous value, and the shoes, stockings and flannels, to say nothing of tobacco, pickles and jellies, all cost more than it was pleasant to contemplate. Speaking of these things, a lady who had listened with great attention now calimed for herself a similar work of mercy.

"But we used to send our boxes to our own soldiers at Libby prison," she said, with a gentle assumption of superior patriotism that I could not sufficiently admire, though doubting greatly whether it had ever been worth their while to risk their goods on such a perilous and uncertain journey. "Why, I remember," she went on, "how we used to spend hours and hours making pocket pin-cushions."

"Pocket pin-cushions!" I repeated faintly.

"Yes," she said, with tender and truly feminine sympathy for distress. "The poor fellows had not even a place to put their pins."

I answered nothing. Garibaldi and his tribute melted into insignificance before this thoughtful charity.

A Premonition.

Says a writer in the *Nineteenth Century*: One afternoon, a few years ago, I was sitting in my chambers in the Temple, working at some papers. My desk is between the fireplace and one of the windows, the window being two or three yards on the left side of my chair, and looking out into the Temple. Suddenly I became aware that I was looking at the bottom window pane, which was about on a level with my eyes, and there I saw the figure of the head and face of my wife, in a reclining position, with the eyes closed and the face quite white and bloodless, as if she were dead.

I pulled myself together and got up and looked out of the window, where I saw nothing but the houses opposite, and I came to the conclusion that I had been drowsy, and had fallen asleep, and after taking a few turns about the rooms to rouse myself, I sat down again to my work and thought no more of the matter.

I went home at my usual time that evening, and while my wife and I were at dinner she told me that she had lunched with a friend who lived in Gloucester, and that she had taken with her a little child, one of her nieces, who was staying with us; but during lunch, or just after it, the child had a fall and slightly cut her face so that the blood came. After telling the story, my wife added that she was so alarmed when she saw the child's face that she fainted.

What I had seen in the window then occurred to my mind, and I asked her what time it was when this happened. She said, as far as she remembered, it must have been a few minutes after 2 o'clock. This was the time, as nearly as I could calculate, not having looked at my watch, when I saw the figure in the window pane. I have only to add that this is the only occasion on which I have known my wife to have had a fainting fit. She was in bad health at the time, and I did not mention to her what I had seen until a few days afterward, when she had become stronger. I mentioned the occurrence to several of my friends at the time.

Horse Physiognomy.

A horse's head indicates his character very much as a man's does. Vice is shown in the eye and mouth, intelligence in the eye and in the breadth between the ears and between the eyes; spirit in the eye and in the nose, in the mobile nostril, and active ear. The size of the eye, the thinness of the skin, making the face bony, the large, open, thin-edged nostril, the fine ear, and the thin, fine mane and foretop, are indications of fine breeding, and accompany high strung, nervous organization, which with good limbs and muscular power, insures a considerable degree of speed in the animal. Spirit is shown by the mobile ear and open eye, and vice by the uncertain, restless eye, the ear laid back, and the air of distrust in strong contrast to the trustful honesty of the horse's true nature.

The stupid lazy horse that drivers call a "lunk-head" has a dull eye, usually a narrow forehead, and contracted poll. He is always a blunderer, forgets himself and stumbles on smooth ground, gets himself and his owner into difficulties, calks himself, is sometimes positively lazy, but often a hard goer. He needs constant care and watchfulnnss on the driver's part. A buyer of fine equine flesh should be able to detect the good and bad qualities of the animals he contemplates purchasing. This valuable knowledge is only acquired by a careful study of the various parts of horse physiognomy.

Intimidation.—A man armed with a clarionet stopped before a shop door. "Sir," said the beggar, "would you mind giving me a trifle? then I won't deafen you with my music, but go off at once." "Not at all, my good man. Play on; it makes no difference to me, and it will amuse the children." "Well, you see, sir," replied the crestfallen musician, "the fact is, I don't know how to play." "Then, what's the use of your clarionet?" "It's merely to frighten folks with."

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SPRINGFIELD, Mass., March 22, 1884.

Dr. David Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y.

DEAR SIR: For ten years I had been afflicted with Kidney disease in its most acute form. What I suffered must be left to the imagination—for no one can appreciate it except who have gone through it. I resorted to many physicians and to many different kinds of treatment, and spent a great deal of money, only to find myself older and worse than ever. I may say that I used 25 bottles of a preparation widely advertised as a specific for this precise sort of troubles, and found it entirely useless—at least in my case.

Your FAVORITE REMEDY—I say it with a perfect recollection of all that was done for me besides, is the *only* thing that did me the slightest good; and I am happy to admit that it gave me permanent relief. I have recommended FAVORITE REMEDY to many people for Kidney disease, and they all agree with me in saying that DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY has not its equal in the wide world for this distressing and often fatal complaint.

Use this letter as you deem best for the benefit of others. Yours, etc., LYMAN CRAWFORD.